



*** DIRECTORY INCLUDED ***

THE DIXIE RANGER

Published by the Southern Forest Service Retirees Association
Vol. XXXIX No. 1
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Presidents Corner:

"The prosperity you actually manifest will be determined greatly by the size of your vision, how you see the world and your own capabilities. If you want to live richer, you have to dream richer!" (Randy Gage)

Growing up in a small town and not traveling outside of Georgia, Florida and South Carolina, my perspective of the world was very limited. It was not greatly enriched by my service in the U. S. Air Force, since it was limited to Texas, Wyoming and California. I joined the U. S. Forest Service (I know those in "the department" prefer USDA Forest Service) after my military service and a few years in private industry. I quickly learned that I had been adopted into the family. After a few days there was an announcement that we were having a Family Meeting. It was probably Margaret Stephens who explained to me that this meant a Forest Service Family Meeting, not the wife and kids. As I learned about the Forest Service from the "older" members such as Ernie Milot, Art Grumbine and Lew Grosenbaugh, my window of the world began to gradually expand. I had an opportunity to move to the Washington Office, which was then referred to as The Chief's Office, and my vision of the world was expanded even more. We transferred to the RO in Albuquerque for a short period and when I would travel back to D.C. my wife would ask for a newspaper with national and world news. Living in Albuquerque was almost like returning to Covington, GA. Instead of returning to R-8 in 1985, I transferred to the Department, officially OIRM with Glenn Haney and Bill Rice. My responsibilities were to manage the USA-wide telecommunications network. Again, my window was enhanced through a vast knowledge of USDA activities outside of timber, wildlife, watershed, range and recreation. It included the work of the Soil Conservation Service, Farmers Home Administration and the other 27 agencies (at that time). I quickly realized that not everyone of those agencies was a family, like the Forest Service. Although there were long-term employees, I did not feel the commitment to the agency as I did with the Forest Service foresters, engineers, biologists, and others.

I tried to teach my children to expand their horizons. Don't be bound by your current world view. Seek new windows and new visions. I think this came to light when my daughter went to school in Jefferson City, TN at Carson-Newman College. She quickly realized that it was okay to shop at Wal-Mart, especially since it was the only store in town. She anxiously awaited 2 weeks for the installation of CNN on the college cable TV.

Now at the ripe old age of 74, after 18+ years in the U. S. Forest Service and 10+ years in The Department, I continue to seek opportunities to expand my vision. This includes the twice-a-year luncheons with those of you who have served a career caring for our Nation's Forests and Grasslands.

Sid Haggard, President

Nostalgia isn't what it used to be...

NEW OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS – 2012 - 2013

Officers

President: Sid Haggard
sidhaggard@att.net

President-elect: Jim Rogers
jl.rogers@mindspring.com

Secretary: Sonny Cudabac
scudabac@mindspring.com

Treasurer: Tom Tibbs
qtibbs6@embarqmail.com

Historian/Obituaries: Jim & Elaine McConnell
elanjim@bellsouth.net

Dixie Ranger Co-editors: Dave & Peggy Jolly
djollysr@comlinkinc.net

Directors

Vickie Sell (2012)
Phone: (678) 714-7153

Mac Gramley (2013)
mgramley@windstream.net

Joyce Keith (2014)
jamjoy@bellsouth.net

Ex-Officio: Larry Bishop
imacbishop@hotmail.com

NFSRA - Jerry Coutant
coutfj@bellsouth.net

THURSDAY, JUNE 7th – LUNCHEON MEETING

It's time to make your reservations for our annual June luncheon! Guest speaker will be Mary Hughes from the R-8 Recreation Staff. Mary works for the Director of Recreation, Wilderness and Interpretation and will present information about recreational opportunities in this region as well as all of the other regions. Members and guests will gather in Atlanta at the Petite Auberge Restaurant in the Toco Hills Shopping Center, 2935 North Druid Hills Road, at 11:30 a.m. Lunch will be served at 12:00 noon. The cost of the meal is \$13 per person. Reservations are necessary by Monday, June 4th and can be made by calling Nancy Sorrells at (770) 469-5799. If you don't get an answer, leave a message on her answering machine. It is also **important to let Nancy know if you find that you are unable to attend after you have made a reservation.** We are charged for the number of reservations turned in the day before the luncheon.

On December 1, 2011, 65 members and guests enjoyed the annual Christmas Luncheon. The room was decorated for the holidays by Petite Auberge and Nancy and Virgil Sorrells who added the beautiful table decorations. Larry Bishop introduced Sid Haggard as our new president. Dick Fitzgerald, Assistant Director of Forest Management, from the Washington Office, Mary Morris, R-8 Deputy Regional Forester, Linda Brett, Forest Management Director in the Regional Office and new retiree Thurman Harp were recognized. After lunch our speaker, Dick Fitzgerald, was introduced by his old friend Lee Cromley. Dick's Forest Service Career began in 1954 as a "look-out" and he is in his 57th year with the Forest Service and still working! He has seen a lot of changes and discussed some of the recent ever-changing programs and technology. Following Dick's program, Sid Haggard recognized Larry Bishop's two-year service as president of our organization and Larry was given a ten-year membership dues extension to SFSRA. Shirley and John Lamb were in charge of the door prizes which were awarded to those with winning numbers. The poinsettia table decorations were also presented as door prizes. Sam Halverson won the one-year SFSRA Membership certificate and a Dinner-For-Two gift card from Petite Auberge Restaurant was won by a lucky member.

Editor's Note:

Peggy and I have decided to give all of you a heads-up that we will end our tour as co-editors of *The Dixie Ranger* after publication of the November 2012 issue. To say that we have enjoyed it is an understatement. Getting to know many of you in a special way over the past eight years has been uplifting and we have basked in the glow of your many compliments. Our lives have been enriched by the experience. By making this decision now, you have a chance to find another soul or two who wish to expand their horizons as ours have been.

2011 Southern Forest Service Retirees Financial Statement

Prepared by Tom Tibbs, Treasurer 01/19/2012

Assets			
Checking Account as of December 31, 2010	\$5598.40		
Total Cash Assets		\$5,598.40	
Certificates of Deposit			
CD 116842 Bank of Marion (12/07/11)	\$2280.79		
CD 116104 Bank of Marion (07/07/11)	\$2279.41		
Total Certificates of Deposit		\$4,560.20	
Currest Year Income			
Dues Collected 2011	\$4120.00		
Banquet Meals Paid (41@\$13)	\$ 533.00		
Banquet Meals Paid (65@\$13)	\$ 845.00		
Total Current Years Income		\$5,498.00	
Total Assets			\$15,656.60
Expenses			
Dixie Ranger (w/directory), April 2011 (Printing & Mailing)	\$869.86		
Postage & Bulk Mailing Permit (Peggy Jolly)	\$203.77		
Dixie Ranger, July 2011	\$700.00		
Dixie Ranger, November 2011	\$664.11		
Donation-National Smokejumper Center	\$250.00		
National Museum of FS History			
JP Kruglewicz Memorium	\$100.00		
SFSRA Pledge	\$500.00		
Forest Service History Society membership	\$250.00		
Speakers Momentos (Sid Haggard)	\$70.00		
Oral History Expenses (Jim McConnell)	\$42.82		
June Banquet Expenses	\$853.23		
December Banquet Expenses	\$1,101.00		
Miscellaneous Expenses			
Postage, Office Supplies (Tom Tibbs)	\$31.12		
Postage, Office Supplies (Tom Tibbs)	\$11.48		
Total Expenses		\$5,647.39	
Balance December 31, 2011			\$10,009.21

How many times is it appropriate to say "What?" before you just nod and smile because you still didn't hear or understand a word they said?

R-8 RETIREES GET TOGETHER

I Hop on July 78
X **Northeast Atlanta** - Retirees meet for breakfast the last Tuesday of each month (except December) at Matthews Cafeteria in Tucker at 7:30 a.m. Spouses are welcome. The address is 2299 Main Street. The cafeteria is next to the railroad tracks. Main Street is in front of Tucker High School. If you get lost, just ask anyone - everyone in Tucker knows where Matthews Cafeteria is located.

Cobb County Georgia - Sonny Cudabac reported that retirees who were meeting at "My Country Kitchen", showed up recently and found that it is now closed! They decided to try another restaurant for breakfast and chose the Whistle Stop Café which is in Kennesaw also. Prices are VERY reasonable and there's plenty of parking. There's also a model train chugging around on a track up near the ceiling! All agreed this would be the new breakfast home for our group. The address for the Whistle Stop Café is 1200 Earnest Barrett Parkway, Suite 10, Kennesaw, GA. We meet on the last Tuesday of the month at 9:00 a.m. Good time for all with great fellowship.

Cherokee National Forest - Retirees meet for lunch at 11:30 a.m. on the third Wednesday of each month in Cleveland, TN, at the Golden Corral on Stuart Road Paul Huff.

Ouachita National Forest - Retirees, spouses and friends meet the third Tuesday of each month at 8:30 a.m. for breakfast at the Cracker Barrel Restaurant in the Cornerstone Shopping Center, Hot Springs, Arkansas. A photograph of their August 2011 meeting will be in the next Dixie Ranger.

Jefferson National Forest - Retirees get together at noon on the second Wednesday of **even** numbered months at the Roanoker Restaurant in Roanoke, Virginia. They have been meeting for the last 19 years. No dues are collected and only rarely are there programs or expressions of professional concerns. For information, contact Charles Blankenship at (540) 774-6272.

George Washington National Forest - Retirees, spouses and friends meet for breakfast at 9:00 a.m. on the first Wednesday of **even** numbered months at the Village Inn Restaurant, on US 11, a short distance off I-81 at Exit 240.

Highlands - Robbinsville - Franklin - Murphy North Carolina Area - Retirees meet at 11:30 for lunch on the last Wednesday of every month in Franklin. Contact George Lynch for the location as it may be in a different place each month. George's e-mail is georgelynch@verizon.net; phone: (828) 369-9722.

Note approaching dates –

National Forests in Florida - Joann Webb reports that their annual Old Smokies Reunion is on **April 14, 2012**, at Silver Lake Recreation Area. Everyone who has retired from Florida, ever wanted to be in Florida, or just wants to come to Florida is WELCOME!! Please contact Joann as soon as possible at (850)385-4510, e-mail: missoumiss@comcast.net or 1715 Hall Drive, Tallahassee, FL

Francis Marion & Sumpter National Forests - The spring luncheon for Francis Marion and Sumter National Forest retirees will be Wednesday, **April 11th** at the Ocean View Seafood Restaurant on Broad River Road in Columbia. The social hour begins at 11:30 a.m. followed by lunch at noon. Retirees plan to continue meeting the second Wednesday of April and October, unless circumstances warrant otherwise. Changes from this schedule will probably be rare. For details about the meetings contact are Vicki Scott at (803)364-2504 – cyberfogie@aol.com or Glenda Wood at (864) 445-4751 – tanner2010@centurylink.net.

Hot Foot Teddy Collector's Association – CONVENTION ANNOUNCEMENT: SFSRA new member, Dan Hansen of Cumming, GA, reports that this is the first time this convention has been held in the South.

**2012 HFTCA Convention
Unicoi State Park & Lodge
Helen, Georgia
May 9, 10, & 11, 2012**

Convention Registration Fee: \$75.00 per person – This registration fee covers all convention materials and banquet fees.

Room Rates: \$92.00 per night, double occupancy – Breakfast meal ticket will be provided for each day your room is booked.

Parking Fee: \$5.00 per vehicle (one time fee for period of stay)

Full Hook-Up Campsite: \$30 per day

Full restaurant services are available on site. No pets are allowed in any of the buildings on the state park.

Please mail your registration fee (checks made out to HFTCA), with your name (if you have a joint membership, please print both first names and then your last name), address, phone number and e-mail address to Treasurer: Jackie Schmidt, P.O. Box 285, Neosho, MO 64850.

<http://www.hotfootteddy.org/3.html>

Editor's note: This is an interesting website for those of us who value our SMOKEY BEAR heritage and are curious about Hot Foot Teddy.

NATIONAL FOREST SERVICE REUNION

September 17 - 21, 2012
Vail, Colorado

Registration for the 2012 Forest Service Reunion, "**Rendezvous in the Rockies**", is **OPEN** and plans are coming together for an exciting time visiting with friends, learning what the Forest Service is doing these days, and for you to enjoy a beautiful time in the Colorado mountains. Registration for retirees is \$175 and \$135 for companions before June 15th. **After that the price goes up!** Registration includes 3 continental breakfasts, 3 receptions (no host bar), a banquet dinner, all coffee breaks and meeting rooms. Don't forget to sign up for one of the many field trips taking place on Wednesday – also, a special "top-of-the mountain gondola ride, barbeque, and entertainment event is scheduled (\$30 per ticket). You can also reserve a place at the Friday breakfast and program for \$20 per person. **Don't be left behind!**

Headquarters for the week will be the Vail Mountain Marriott Resort and Spa. Well over half the hotel rooms are already booked. General registration opened on February 1. To ensure you have a room at the low rate of \$109/night, make your reservation by calling the Marriott at 1-877-622-3140 or do it on line by visiting the website for the reunion – <http://fsreunion2012.com> – This website has all the

information about registration, programs, accommodations, field trips, special events, and other details that you might need.

The National Museum of Forest Service History will directly benefit from this reunion, since all excess proceeds will be given to the museum's "building fund". The silent auction is one of several opportunities to raise money at the reunion. There will be a wide variety of items up for auction, including lodging in Hawaii, a stay at a cabin in Yellowstone country, a stay at a 10th Mountain Hut (remote lodge) for a large group and many other items such as quilts, wooden bowls, paintings, etc. If you have an artistic talent and want to offer an item for the silent auction, contact Steve Deitemeyer. His e-mail address is sdeitemeyer@msn.com.

If you have an item(s) of historical significance in your basement, attic or garage and would like to donate it(them), there will be an opportunity to have these on display at the reunion and a chance for these to be bought by a sponsor for donation to the museum. It is a great way to ensure that pieces of history important to the agency are preserved and protected. Items can be brought with you to the reunion or mailed to Steve Deitemeyer in Colorado.

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

ERIN BRONK (RICK)

1190 Windsor Drive
Watkinsville, GA 30677
Phone: (706) 705-1226
E-mail: embronk@yahoo.com

DON HANSEN (CHERYL)

7265 Valance Lane
Cumming, GA 30040
Phone: (770) 754-9753
E-mail: donhansen@gmail.com
Retired from the Washington Office -
HRP; 1976-1982 CFFP Program
Smokey Bear Program Manager

DARLENE WELLS LENTINI (TONY)

619 Falling Leaf Drive
Lilburn, GA 30047-3648
E-mail: darlentini@bellsouth.net
Retired from R-8 RO - Fire & Aviation

CLAY LOGAN (JUDY)

6025 Fires Creek Road
Hayesville, NC 28904
Phone: (828) 389-8081
E-mail: INFO@ClaysCorner.com
Tusquittee Ranger District

BILL McMILLIAN (KATHY)

69 Huckleberry Hill Drive
Helen, GA 30545
Phone: (706) 348-8559
E-mail: mtnmustang@gmail.com

ROBERT MITCHELL (JOANN)

372 Polk Road #45
Mena, Arkansas 71953
Phone: (479) 216-0596
E-mail: mtchro9@yahoo.com

BONNIE SCHRAMMEL

12124 Hwy 34
Whitewood, SD 57793
(605) 269-3900

SUSAN SMITH

1750-15 Clairmont Road
Decatur, GA 30033
Phone: (404) 226-7648
E-mail: susan.eve@att.net

All other changes and additions are listed in the enclosed 2012 Directory.

LETTERS FROM MEMBERS

JACK GODDEN - Wisconsin - I've been busy moving my stuff to forest history societies, Missoula MT and White Mountain National Forest. Saving my wife and family the time, also cleaning out my 24 years with Wisconsin Marine Historical Society (resigned as their "curator" of 19 years). I left them with 5 articles I hope to see printed in the next couple of years. Trust my fellow retirees are doing the same, cleaning out their files, leaving a little history for the record. Enjoy! Editor's note: Jack included his tribute to Bud Howe and one written by their mutual, long-time friend Roger Hatch. These tributes follow the obituaries on page 12.

ROY STALNAKER - West Virginia - Doesn't seem possible I retired over 23 years ago from National Forests in Mississippi as Administrative Officer. We returned to our hometown of Elkins, West Virginia, a few years after retiring. I am working for a mortgage company and Margaret is still involved in the financial markets. Enjoy *The Dixie Ranger* although I find that I know less of the people, thanks.

THOMAS PRICE - Mississippi - Thanks for including information on the Forest Service museum.

RUTH ANN CRAIG - Virginia - Please find enclosed my check for \$30 for the 2012-2014 issues of *The Dixie Ranger*. Thanks to all for the outstanding job. It was great seeing a picture of Sid Haggard and his wife in the last issue. I worked with Sid in the Washington Office Computer Systems Staff back in the late 70's and early 80's. Also enjoyed seeing the names of so many of my fire buddies from the R-8 "Red Team". Some of those 16-18 hour days were rough, but what great people with whom to work. My last job was Secretary to the Forest Supervisor of the George Washington National Forest.

ROBERT ERICKSON - Colorado - Great job Tom - We enjoy the "Ranger" and the updates on a great group of people.

DON PETERSON - Minnesota - Here's \$20 for another 2 years of some of my favorite reading. *The Dixie Ranger*. At age 84 I'm doing fine, for which I'm thankful, except losing my voice. I still manage my timberlands here in Minnesota and in South Carolina. My son, Bill, is a Refuge Manager for the FWS in Arkansas. He takes great interest and we have been going to South Carolina in the spring for the last several years to work on my 333 acres. Will do so again this coming March. Charleen and I, together with our granddaughter, went to Yosemite and Sequoia National Parks this summer, a long-time wish of mine. Also walked among Bristlecone pine. A great trip! I like to travel. Have added a new interest, "the beauty of wood", collecting small objects which show wood's beauty; such as turned bowls and other objects, some whimsical. Best wishes to all!

IRENE NITZ - Arkansas - I decided to continue the subscription for the time being. I have many happy, loving memories of Joel who died June 18, 2011. God bless all.

GEORGE FREELAND - Tennessee - Scheduled for knee replacement on 12/1/2011. Worn out parts are beginning to show up! Still planting trees and managing forest at Columbia Academy.

ERNIE FINGER - Louisiana - Here are my dues for the next couple of years. I had thought about not renewing my membership because most of the folks I am interested in hearing from are beyond the pale of life. Along came the November issue, and it was full of "my" folks. K Erwin is the only Forest Service retiree I see all the time. We are in the Shrine Oriental Band. I think I can do one more song than he can before being out of breath. But he makes more noise, and so it about evens out. I remember when K was the Ranger of the Vernon District of the Kisatchie (I do not know what it is called now!). I went over to audit some of his books. It was November 22, 1963. We went to lunch and heard

that Jack Kennedy had been killed. Neither of us felt like returning to work, and so he decided we would visit some of the folks in the community who were his advisors. He took me to see Boss Johnson. Boss smiled all the time. He had no teeth, indeed I don't think he had any gums. When he smiled, he looked like he had been slashed across the bottom of his face with a machete. We hit it off, and he showed me around the place. His most prized possession was his quart jars of stewed tomatoes. He had floor-to-ceiling shelves in two rooms of the house and a huge chest-type freezer, all filled with stewed tomatoes, and the shelving was covered with bed sheets. On the way back to the office, K's man in the fire tower radioed us about a forest fire. Dressed in our city clothes, we proceeded to extinguish the fire. I still do not like fire flaps! I hope I will be writing to you a couple of years from now. Editors's note: Ernie died of a massive stroke on December 18th. His obituary is on page 10.

JEAN ENG - South Carolina - Enclosed are my membership dues for 2012 and 2013. I enjoy reading *The Dixie Ranger*. Thanks to all who are involved in getting it out.

WANDA SMITH - Georgia - Enclosed is my check for two more years of *The Dixie Ranger*. I enjoy the newsletters very much. The articles written by retirees of years past with the Forest Service are always interesting.

CARL DAVIS - Louisiana - Here is a check to cover past dues and a few more years. It's always a great pleasure to receive *The Dixie Ranger*, to read the stories and get updates on friends and colleagues of yesteryear. Please pass on my thanks to all who work so hard in keeping this organization going and for publishing *The Dixie Ranger*.

DAVE TRULL - Georgia - Enclosed is a check for subscription to *The Dixie Ranger* for three more years. We enjoy reading all the latest that is happening throughout the Forest Service family of retirees. Tamara and I still live in Woodstock, Georgia, at the same residence for 32 years and are doing well.

BILL BUSTIN - Mississippi - Please extend me another two years beyond 2012. Hope to live that long!

HOBERT COOK - Virginia - Let's try another three-year investment in this organization! Nyoka and I continue to do fairly well health wise. I did have a little "plumbing" work done on the old heart last year. She continues with her community activities and I still "play" on the farm. You folks do an outstanding job. Keep up the good work. I enjoy reading *The Dixie Ranger*.

CARY WILLIAMS - Mississippi - Everything is going well with me in Marion County, Mississippi. At age 77 I am still doing some forestry work for local people, banks and Realtors. It keeps me honest and in good physical shape. Looking forward to another three years of *The Dixie Ranger*.

NORA AUTREY - South Carolina - Here are my dues for another year. Thank you for a job well done.

ROBIN SHADDOX - Arkansas - Here are dues for 2012 and 2013 (optimist). Thanks for your good work.

CHARLIE BLANKENSHIP - Virginia - Here are my back dues and an extra year. I face my second knee replacement 4/19/12, so keep *The Dixie Ranger* coming. Right now I'm riding around in a motoring wheelchair terrorizing the cat and widening the doors. Last year Church and Greenway folks built me a 93' long ramp in 2 ½ days. The leaders of this undertaking were former Forest Service people Liz Belcher and Linda Overlander. This last year has been tough, and we have lost a number of Jefferson National Forest retirees including Margie Clark (Lands), Paul Timko (Lands) and Lionel

Melancon (Recreation). Several District folks also passed away and I'll try to do a little research on them.

CARL HICKERSON - Arizona - As a matter of introduction, I served in the R-8, Regional Office from May 1970 through November 1973, as Director of Fire Management, Law Enforcement and Aviation Management, with the Lands Department added the last year. I would appreciate very much if you would include my wife Bobbie's obituary in your next issue of the R-8 retirees newsletter. We made a lot of friends who I believe would like to know of Bobbie's passing. Ralph Kunz led me to call Sonny Cudabac and he kindly referred me to you. Ralph worked with me in Atlanta, and later in R-6, Portland Office. Thanks. Editor's note: Bobbie's obituary is on page 10.

BILL McMILLIAN - Georgia - When sending information for his new member application, Bill wrote: We (he and Kathy) have two children, Nichole, 27, and Jeffrey, 25. Both live near us in the Helen area. I am still flying on fires working for Helicopter Express, Inc, Chamblee, GA. We have 17 helicopters all under some sort of fire or prescribed fire contracts with the government. Additionally I am flying a Bombardier Challenger Jet part time for a charter operation. Hobbys are building/re-building muscle cars (mustangs, VW's, Karmon Ghias, etc). Looking forward to seeing some of the old crew.

IN MEMORIAM

Compiled by Elaine and Jim McConnell

Gerald Von Ward passed away November 4, 2011 in Mountain View Arkansas. He was 78 years old. After working for Boeing Aircraft in Wichita, Kansas, for two years, Von married Betty Potter and moved back to Mountain View where he worked for the U.S. Forest Service for 33 years. He was a member of the School Avenue Church of Christ, where he served as a deacon, elder, treasurer and song leader. Von is survived by his wife Betty; son Doug (Melinda); daughters Becky (Tommy Taylor) of Mountain View and Kelly (Chip Davis) of Dardanelle; one brother; one sister; five grandchildren; and one great-grandchild. Funeral service was at School Avenue Church of Christ with interment in Flatwoods Cemetery.

Lawrence M. Whitfield, 85, of Redding, California, died November 8, 2011. He was born July 22, 1926, in Portland, Oregon, to the late James and Laura Whitfield. He married Carol Bergstrom in 1947. "Whit" served in the US Marine corps twice, 1944 to 1946 and again from 1950 to 1951. He graduated from Oregon State University School of Forestry in 1950 and began his career with the Forest Service on the Trinity National Forest. "Whit" worked on several western forests, the Washington Office, and Region headquarters in Missoula Montana. He retired from the Forest Service in 1981 as Regional Forester for Region 8 in Atlanta. In 1965 he was admitted to practice law by the California State Bar Association. He and Carol moved to Redding in 1982 where he began an 18-year law practice. "Whit" was an avid fisherman and hunter. He and Carol traveled to several foreign countries after his retirement. "Whit" is survived by his wife Carol; daughter Susan (Don) Pass of Crescent City, California; son James (Karen) of Porterville, California; grandchildren Justin Whitfield, Ethan Pass, Kyle (Stevannie) Pass, and Madeline (Logan) Lewis-Whitfield; great-grandchildren Ayden Whitfield and Olivia Pass. The family is planning to hold a celebration of his life next Spring. In lieu of flowers, donations can be made to the National Museum of Forest Service History in Missoula, Montana.

Barron W. Ballew, 64, of Marietta, Georgia passed away on Saturday, November 19, 2011. Barron was a long-time employee of the Regional Office in Atlanta. He worked in the Engineering Staff Unit as a cartographer technician making maps. He was a Deacon at Gracepoint Baptist Church in Marietta,

Georgia. Barron is survived by his mother, Florence Ballew; sisters Janice (Bobby) Lemonds and Patricia (John) Hibbard; brother James Ballew; and nieces Sarah and Lucy Hibbard. On November 23, 2011, a memorial service was held at the Gracepoint Baptist Church in Marietta.

Bobbie June Hickerson, 82, of Scottsdale Arizona passed away on December 7, 2011. Bobbie was born on December 7, 1929 in Vernon, Texas and died on her 82 birthday. She grew up in southern California. She married Carl Hickerson following his return from US Army service with General Douglas MacArthur's honor guard in Japan. They were married almost 63 years. Bobbie lived in many locations throughout California and the US as a Forest Service wife. They lived in Atlanta when Carl worked in the RO from 1970 to 1973. After her husband's retirement, Bobby lived in India while Carl worked for the United Nations. She lived a rich life, full of adventure and travel, and was able to visit nearly all the places in the world she had ever dreamed of seeing. Bobbie is survived by Carl her husband of almost 63 years; Son Larry and daughter-in law Susanne Moore; daughter Lisa and son-in-law Greg Webster; grandchildren Joe and Tony Hickerson and Ariana Webster; three sisters and one brother. Bobbie was buried at the National Memorial Cemetery of Arizona.

Ernest L. Finger, age 79 died of a massive stroke on December 18, 2011. He was a native of Lena, Mississippi, but called Pineville, Louisiana, his home. He was retired from the U.S. Forest Service with 30 years service, much of it on the Kisatchie National Forest. He also served in the US Army. Ernest is survived by his wife Dorothy and four daughters: Shelia Tolbert of Jackson, Mississippi, Darrlyn Morgan and Johnette Austin of Pineville, Louisiana, and Angela Finger-Booty of Ball, Louisiana. He is also survived by three sisters, one brother and a host of grandchildren and great-grandchildren. On January 28, 2012, Masonic services were conducted in Alexandria, Louisiana, by Curtis T. Hines Masonic Lodge # 317.

Sue Lorene Chaffin, age 83, died in Green Valley, Arizona, on January 15, 2012. Sue was born July 18, 1928 to Wilbur and Emma Schlup in California, Missouri. She was in ill health and passed away 3 months after the death of her husband John. Sue served as a Girl Scout and Campfire Girls leader and a hospital volunteer throughout the USA as John's career in the U. S. Forest Service took them throughout the country. Surviving are two nephews, Fred Bloch (Geanine), Lebanon, Missouri and Paul Bloch (Becky) California, Missouri, and two nieces: Sherry Walters of Asheville, North Carolina, and Vicki Walters of Pontiac, Michigan.

William E. "Bill" Stalcup, 76, of Gainesville, Georgia formerly of Brasstown, died January 15, 2012 in Venice, Florida. Bill served in the US Army. He was a graduate of North Carolina State University with a degree in engineering. He worked 18 years for the U.S. Forest Service in Asheville, North Carolina, Columbia, South Carolina and the regional office in Atlanta. He was the owner and operator of Payne and Stalcup Construction and was a member of St. Timothy United Methodist Church in Stone Mt., Georgia. Bill is survived by his wife, Peggy Arrant Stalcup; a daughter, Cynthia Wood and husband Bill of Monroe, Georgia; a son Mark Stalcup and wife Kimberly of Alpharetta; two grandchildren Katie Thieme and husband Rich of Athens, Georgia and Matthew Stalcup of Alpharetta; two great-grandchildren Katelyn and Carson Thieme; a sister, Betty Penland and husband Wiley of Etowah, North Carolina; two brothers Jerry Stalcup and wife Bobbie of Brasstown and Gary Stalcup and wife Pat of Murphy, North Carolina. The funeral service was held on January 20 in Hickory Stand United Methodist Church with burial in the church cemetery.

Linda Coffey Brandt, age 62, died in Atlanta, Georgia on January, 30, 2012, after a long struggle with heart problems and Myotonic Muscular Dystrophy Type 1. She was born March 22, 1949 in Oak Hill, West Virginia. Linda was the wife of retired seed orchard manager Frank Brandt on the Lake George

Ranger District in Florida. Linda's long-time dream to retire to North Carolina was realized in July 2011. Linda loved her family more than anything. She was a true, faithful, loving and giving friend. Linda is survived by her husband, Frank Brandt; daughter, Shannon (Jim) Pugh; son Shane Creel; step-son, Daniel Brandt; grandsons Gavyn and Jadon; sister, Lora Lee (George) Etienne and a host of nieces and nephews. A memorial service was held on Friday, February 17, 2010 at the Life Community Church in Eustis, Florida.

John V. Orr, of Hot Springs, Arkansas, was born Sept. 9, 1926 in Youngstown, Ohio. He passed away on February 9, 2012. John was a veteran of the US Army during World War II where he served as a radio announcer in Sapporo, Japan. After discharge from the armed services, John received a BS degree in forestry from the University of Georgia and spent 34 years working for the U.S. Forest Service and state forestry departments. He was on the YLT Project in Holly Springs, Mississippi, and was Forest Supervisor on the National Forests in Alabama and the Francis Marion & Sumter National Forests in South Carolina. He ended his 34-year career as Supervisor of the Ouachita National Forest in Hot Springs Arkansas where he retired. John is survived by his wife Pauline; sons Johnny and Tim Orr (Tammy); daughter Rebecca Neely (John); stepson, Tommy Crain; six grandchildren and one great-grandson; also a brother Raymond Orr. A memorial service was held on Feb. 14th in the Piney Grove United Methodist Church in Hot Springs, Arkansas.

Josephine "Jo" H. Riddle, 84, of Bridgewater, Virginia, died February 10, 2010, at Rockingham Memorial Hospital due to complications from knee surgery. Jo was the wife of Eddie Riddle, retired George Washington National Forest, Land Surveyor. She is survived by her husband and two sons Gregory and Mark as well as a sister Rosaline Foster. A memorial service was held at Briery Branch Church of the Brethren on February 12, 2012 and burial was in the church cemetery.

Bobby Hill McLane, 82, of Mt. Ida, Arkansas departed this life at his home on February 28, 2012. Bobby was employed with the U.S. Forest Service for 27 years as Timber Technician on the Womble Ranger District of the Ouachita National Forest. He helped to train many young foresters. He was one of those unforgettable and loved people we meet in our lives. A member of the Mount Ida First Baptist Church, he was an avid fisherman and hunter. He especially loved spending time with his grandchildren. He is survived by Ida Sue his wife of 61 years; son and daughter-in-law, Robert and Gwena McLane; daughter and son-in-law, Mary and Sam Amerson; four grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. Funeral services were held on March 6th in the Mount Ida First Baptist Church.

Don W. Lewis, age 76, OF Oakwood, Georgia, passed away on February 28, 2012, following a sudden illness. Mr Lewis was born December 6, 1935 to the late Charles and Lura Lewis of Opal, Arkansas. He was a Deacon at Northside Baptist Church and a retired forester with the U.S. Forest Service. Survivors include his wife Billie; daughter and son-in-law Karia and John Schader of Gainesville; 4 brothers, 2 sisters; grandchildren Corey Schrader, Dylan Lewis, Cole Schrader and Dakota Lewis; 2 brothers-in-law and families in Arkansas; and 7 nieces and nephews.

Glenn Price Haney, 82, died on March 5, 2012, at Foxdale Village in State College, Pennsylvania. Having earned his BS degree at Penn State in 1951 and then a Masters in Forestry at North Carolina State University in 1956, Glenn did post-graduate work in public administration at the University of Virginia in 1966. He was proud to serve for 37 years as a research forester, manager, and senior executive for the U.S. Forest Service and Department of Agriculture. He received the Distinguished Service Award from the Secretary of Agriculture in 1985 and the Presidential Rank Award of Meritorious Executive in 1986. He retired in 1990 as Director of the Office of Information Resources Management. He is survived by his wife Eleanor of 59 years; three children Richard (Pam), David (Barbara) and

Deannine (Steve); and a brother Charles. A memorial service was scheduled for March 17 at State College Presbyterian Church in State College, Pennsylvania.

Theodore "Ted" Schlapher, age 90, peacefully passed away in Bend, Oregon, on March 7, 2012. He grew up as a farm boy in rural New Jersey where he developed a love for the natural world, which eventually led him to the University of Georgia where he graduated in 1943 with a degree in Forestry. Before accepting a job with the U.S. Forest Service in California, he served in the US Navy during WW II as an ensign aboard an LCI beach-landing vessel in the South Pacific. Ted had the privilege of living and working on most of the national forests in the US, ranging from Alaska to Washington, DC. He served as Regional Forester for the Southern Region in Atlanta, Georgia, and retired in 1977 as Regional Forester in Portland, Oregon. At this time, he and Beth retired to Cornelius, Oregon, to fulfill his family destiny as a farmer. They started Sun Shower Orchards and simply reveled in the love of community, friends and working the land. Ted was highly regarded as a natural resource professional and continued in this vein as an adjunct professor at Lewis and Clark College for 10 years after his retirement. In addition to his wife Beth, Ted is survived by his four children: Todd, Joanna, Jeff and Jake; eight grandchildren; and one great-grandchild. A memorial service was held March 31 at Forest Grove United Church of Christ in Bend.

Harlely Thomas Hooper, son of Tom Hooper. Tom was the wildlife Biologist on the Ozark National Forest back in the 1980's. Thomas was 58 years old. He graduated with a degree in mechanical design from Oklahoma State University and was an avid bass fisherman and loved duck hunting. Survivors include his wife Susan; daughters Allison and Haley of Conway, Arkansas; parents Tom and Jo Ann Hooper of Fort Smith; four sisters; and many nephews and nieces. A memorial service was conducted at One Church in Conway, Arkansas.

Richard G, "Dick" Miller, died March 18, 2012. Originally from West Hartford Connecticut, Dick earned a Master's Degree in Forest Genetics from the New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse University. He worked for 30 years as a geneticist for the U.S. Forest Service where assignments took him and his family to Oregon, Wisconsin and, in 1979 to Washington, DC where he located in Arnold, Maryland. An avid sailor, he and his wife Martha enjoyed a life of sailing, cruising, and serving in the U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary. He retired in from the Forest Service in 1994. Many Region-8 retirees will remember sailing on the Chesapeake with Dick and Martha. In addition to his wife of 50 years, Dick is survived by his son, Carl; daughter, Deborah; and four grandchildren. A memorial service will be held on April 14 at the Kent Island Yacht Club in Maryland.

James "Jim" Harold Watts, age 79, passed away March 26, 2012 at his residence in Douglasville, Georgia. Jim was the husband of Lois (Willis) Watts, retired Forest Service employee who worked for over 30 years in Timber Management in the Atlanta Regional Office. He was a veteran of the US Army and worked as a Commercial Electrician for the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, Local Union 613. Jim was a member of the Flint Hill Lodge #371 F&AM and a member of Pray's Mill Baptist Church. His hobbies included fishing, gardening, music and playing the guitar. In addition to Lois, he is survived by three daughters; three sons; one stepdaughter; one stepson; eight grandchildren; nine great-grandchildren; seven step grandchildren; and four step great-grandchildren; one brother and several nieces and nephews. Funeral services were March 29 with interment at Sunrise Memorial Gardens in Douglasville.

Do you want to know who you are? Don't ask. Act! Action will define you.

Thomas Jefferson

Tributes to "Bud" Howe

Jack Godden remembers: "Bud" Howe, A R-9 Ranger Who Wore "Pointed Toed" Boots Passes On! – I found out about Charles Edward "Bud" Howe's May 13 death, at the age of 80, from a Dixie Ranger contact. Bud finished a 35-year Forest Service career in 1983 as Range Management Staff on the National Forests in Florida, Region 8. Bud and his wife Betty then moved back to Ava, Missouri, for the "ranch" he loved, the couple raising four children over their 57 years of marriage. A youthful Bud served in 1950-1952 with the Oklahoma 45th Division in Korea, receiving a unit citation from their "Iron Triangle" battles. He married Betty Lenaburg in 1954 and entered Oklahoma State University. Receiving his BS degree in Forestry and Range Management in 1958, he began his career on the Kaibab National Forest in Arizona. With family, he moved east in 1960 as Assistant Ranger on the Houston Ranger District; assumed the District Ranger's position in 1964 on the Ava District, Mark Twain National Forest. In 1975 he accepted a transfer and promotion to the National Forests in Florida, headquartered in Tallahassee. He knew his district, its lands and people, their habits and pride as Missourians. By using fire he reintroduced native grasses back to past burned-over scrub oak acres.

Roger Hatch, whose "Tribute to Bud" follows in this newsletter, met him as Fire Staff of Mark Twain 1966-1969; Jim Berlin then Forest Supervisor. I, then Regional Fire Staff 1968-1972, was proud to have met him; on several visits, we compared similar fire-occurrence problems from my Cherokee National Forest, R-8, tour and noting his accomplishments with locals on forest fire problems. He was one of the most memorable Rangers I met in my career years.

Roger Hatch remembers: A "Mountain of a Man" was buried on Monday, May 16, 2011 at Turkey Creek Cemetery outside of Ava, Missouri. He once was the Ranger of the Ava District on the Mark Twain National Forest. Unlike many of us old forestry graduates, Bud graduated from Oklahoma State University with a degree in Range Management and Forestry and was the perfect fit for the "Glade Country" around Ava...once known as the Arson Capital of Region 9.

I first met Bud Howe shortly after I moved from Milwaukee to Springfield, Missouri, as Fire and Land Staff Officer under supervisor Jim Berlin. Jim had just replaced the renowned Hank Debruin, who had pulled-out all the stops to reduce arson fires on the Mark Twain. An air tanker base had been set up at Springfield; fire investigators were brought in from other forests; and supervisor's staff had constructed "hide-out blinds" along high-occurrence forest roads, hiding in them at night, trying to catch the fire-setting culprits in the act! While the costs of fire funds were sky rocketing to all-time highs, the local anti-government fire setters were having a ball trying to avoid the federal lawmen and were pretty much succeeding. I remember Bud taking me on a tour of the district where the locals had erected signs next to some of the "hide-out blinds". One sign said, "Dogs use next bush – Ranger in this one!" Another sign read, "Open season on Rangers – Limit 6". Bud, in his quiet manner just smiled while picking up the signs and said, "I wish the damn supervisor's office would just let me handle the district fire problems." Then in his quiet but tough, "John Wayne" mannerism explained to me that the Ava District wasn't the key stone of the nation's timber supply and that some of its unproductive scrub oak areas could easily be converted to productive grasslands with the use of prescribed fire.

I remember returning to Springfield with that message to my boss, Jim Berlin. Jim, being an ole Missouri native himself, said that Bud's assessment made sense and agreed to give him some free reign in solving the Ava District's fire problem. That's exactly what Bud did! Through lots of adversity with the state forestry and the whole forestry community, Bud stuck to his guns and with cooperation from the Extension Service, NRCS, Cattleman's Association and the local ranchers made plans to convert some scrub oak areas using herbicides and prescribed fire. He and his staff gave the

landowners prescribed fire training and the necessary fire tools to keep the fires on their own lands. He was also instrumental in forming a local cooperative to aerial seed fescue after the prescribed burns. The "Missouri Ruralist" magazine featured an article on how a Forest Service Ranger named Bud Howe was successfully converting selected scrub oak areas to productive grazing lands. Even the U.S. Forest Service's Washington Office prepared a fire prevention training film featuring Bud Howe's effort in reducing man-made wild fires. The late Bill Emerson, Regional Office Fire, was the director. So it happened, the astonished local landowners on the Ava District were so pleased with Bud's actions that arson fires were greatly reduced along with fire suppression costs. I remember calling the R-9 Director of Fire, Ed Peltiere, one morning and reporting a 200-acre fire on the Ava District that Bud Howe, his son and a few neighbors put-out the night before at a cost of \$150 with no damages!

Yes, on Monday I drove 600 miles to say my final goodbye to the man that bought me my first pair of cowboy boots and told me, "If you're going to visit my district, wear these and you'll fit in with the locals!" I wish I had worn them on Monday, because most of the men there had them on, with the exception of Jim Berlin and myself. Jim was there with his wife, Mary, and our favorite secretary, Margie George. Bud's great wife, Betty, asked me to look in Bud's casket where she and her children had placed Bud's Jack-knife and a bottle of Jack Daniels. Being a Korean veteran, a flag was placed over his casket, a volley of shots were fired and taps were sounded in the distance. It was a small cemetery, located close to a large ranch he once owned – of course, the ranch was all in tall fescue converted from scrub oak. He spent many of his retirement hours raising cattle, hunting, riding his horse and spending time in a small shack on the Howe's ranch.

No doubt, some of those who attended Bud's funeral wiping tears from their eyes, were once the same so-called culprits that had erected those signs around the "blinds". They will miss him and are glad that they had Bud Howe as a district ranger. Wherever you are now, Bud, I hope that you're riding that old Forest Service horse (with a U.S. brand on its rump) through clear running streams surrounded with belly-high fescue looking for a place to gig for suckers and/or preparing some of your famous BBQ ribs for your old district friends and family that are there waiting for your arrival. I'm sure your daughter, Beverly, and my past wife, Ruth are among them! – Thanks for passing our way!

THE – DASH

I read of a man who stood to speak at the funeral of his friend. He referred to the dates on her tombstone from the beginning...to the end. He noted that first came the date of her birth and spoke of the second with tears, but he said that what mattered most of all was the dash between those years. For that dash represents all the time that she spent alive on earth, and now only those who loved her know what that little line is worth. For it matters not, how much we own, the cars, the house, the cash. What matters is how we live and love and how we spend our dash.

So think about this long and hard, are there things you'd like to change? For you never know how much time is left. (You could be at "dash-mid range.") If we could just slow down enough to consider what's true and what's real; always try to understand the way other people feel; be less quick to anger; show appreciation more; and love the people in our lives like we've never loved before. If we treat each other with respect, and more often wear a smile, remembering that this special dash might only last a little while. So, when your eulogy is being read with your life's actions to rehash... – Would you be pleased with the things they have to say about how you spent your dash?

provided by Linda Ellis

WORKING FOR MR. GEORGE

by *Jim Flanders*

After reading Mike Dawson's bit in the November 2011 Dixie Ranger, I thought I might share a memory or two I have as a young Forester working for Mr. George.

I graduated from Oklahoma State University with a degree in Forestry in January 1963. My first assignment as a professional Forester was on the Winn Ranger District, Kisatchie National Forest. This was where I received my education on how to survive while working for the U.S. Forest Service. Lessons I learned working for Mr. George served me well during my career. As I read Mike Dawson's story about John Fowler, I was reminded of some of my jobs working for Mr. George. I, for instance, know what Mr. George did with at least some of the mayhaws picked on the Winn. (See the part of the story where John finds Robert Howell picking mayhaws.) Well, I found out what he did with them.

When I started with the Forest Service, field employees "donated" 30 minutes travel time in the morning and in the evening. Paid time was from 8:00am to 5:00pm. Reporting time was 7:30am and quitting time was 5:30pm. Often employees returned to the work center a few minutes before quitting time. This time was spent fueling up your truck for the next day or what ever. Mr. George was often waiting on the crews when they returned from the days work. I learned to dread seeing him when I drove into the work center.

I was single during the first couple of years on the Winn. I was the only single Forester on the District at that time and Mr. George figured that being single gave me a lot of free time with nothing to do. It was during the first few months that I learned to dread when Mr. George said to me, "Come go with me". We would get into his private vehicle, an Oldsmobile sedan, and we were off. Evenings were when Mr. George made his contacts with folks on the District. He visited with the community leaders who were spread over the District, and they filled him in on happenings on their part of the district. My job during these visits was to carry what ever Mr. George was giving away that evening to houses we visited. It could be a quart of wild honey, fresh made sorghum molasses, or (in season) a bushel of mayhaws. I was to quietly set these gifts on the porch and then take a seat on the steps to the house. There I would drink coffee, be quiet and listen to what was said. These trips often lasted until 8:30 or 9:00pm. It was during this time I learned how my salary was figured.

After a few of these trips, it was time to turn in my time sheet for the pay period, I asked District Clerk Willa Dee Roark how to fill in my overtime. She asked what I meant. I told her about my evenings out with Mr. George and the time I spent. She pointed out to me that my salary was a yearly salary. I was paid by the year. The Government broke it into 2-week pay periods so I could have money along. If I worked more than a year in one year, then I could apply for overtime. I dropped my request for overtime.

John Fowler, being knee-deep in the mayhaw pond the next day, reminded me of a similar experience I had with Mr. George. I arrived at the work center just in time to get in on a discussion Mr. George was having with the timber markers. It seems that Louisiana Power and Light was looking for some pine trees that would make 110-foot poles for some high school that was looking to replace the poles at their football field. The power company was looking to Mr. George to supply the trees for the poles. Mr. George said that there were some 8-log trees along Iatt Creek. Being the fresh young Forester I was, I spoke up and said, "I don't believe there are any 8-log trees on the District". I knew I was in trouble when a silence fell over the work center. At 7:30 the next morning one of the techs (I believe it was Horace Alexander) dropped me off at the headwaters of Iatt Creek. He said someone would pick me

up at 5:00 where the next road down stream crossed the creek. This was in either July or August, I don't remember for sure, but it was hot. I found that some of the finest briars grow along Iatt Creek. The mosquitoes, while not as big as turkeys, could give a good fight to a "banty" rooster. I remember the trek being 10 miles, but it was probably closer to 5. When I arrived at the road Preacher Weeks was sitting in his truck. No words were spoken on the trip back to the work center. It was after 5:30 when we arrived back at the work center. I noticed that Mr. George was there and all of the timber markers had not yet gone home. I was asked if I found any 8-log trees. My reply was "Yes sir and here is a map showing their location". I never doubted Mr. George again, or if I did I never said so.

Several jobs I did during my time on the Winn were unique. One task I was assigned was even more unique than usual. Not being from the "old South", I had never attended a wake held in the home of the deceased. I had never heard of a 24-hour sitting with the body. I arrived at the work center one evening to hear that a prominent local citizen had passed away. The District was to provide people to sit in the home with the body for a part of this 24-hour wake. I learned that my time to sit was the 2:00am to 6:00am shift. If I remember correctly, Frank Shropshire, who was Timber Management Assistant on the District, was my partner on this shift. It was good that pots of coffee were available.

Time on the Winn was a good experience for any one just starting a career. I learned a lot about how the Forest Service operated and how George Tannehill operated. I also learned that no other place in the Forest Service operated like Mr. George's Ranger District.

JOHN FOWLER WAS A FRIEND OF MINE

by Mike Sparks

I knew John Fowler from my days on the Ouachita National Forest. He was an assistant ranger on the Caddo Ranger District and then Works Program Officer at the Ouachita Job Corp Center. I always treasured my moments with John because they always seemed to lead to an event which would stay in my mind forever.

The event I will describe occurred when we worked together as assistant rangers on the Winn District of the Kisatchie National Forest. I was in charge of Timber Sales and John had all other activities under his purview. Our Ranger was Ed Fraser. Ed was a very demanding boss but he was also very fair which is an outstanding trait for a boss. (Firm but Fair). I liked him. I first met Ed when and John drove up to my new home in Winnfield where the movers were unloading my goods. Ed explained that he had an issue which I, the new Timber Management Assistant, should deal with immediately that morning. He handed me a map and a timber sale contract folder and told me to meet a timber company representative in the Black Mountain country. He said I could deal with the movers when I returned later that day. My pregnant wife was not happy, but I left. Ed was a demanding boss.

So, I drove to the appointed time and place and met an angry timber buyer. A bit of background is in order here. Ed was the ranger who filled the position after Ranger George Tannehill retired so he had a monumental task of putting the management of Federal lands back in order. George was the only ranger that District had ever known. He was a legend in the minds of the local people. He was more concerned about folks making a living so he was not very strict when loggers wanted to work when the ground was too wet and soggy, making a muddy mess and damaging the soil and water resource. Such was the case here. The logger wanted to work and was told he couldn't. He had even entered a Forest Service vehicle the previous day and used the radio to express his disgust at being "shut down", not knowing that his words were heard over all the Kisatchie National Forest, including in the

Forest Supervisor's Office.

So....here I am, new kid on the block, facing more anger than I wanted. I listened to him for half an hour without speaking, letting him vent his anger. Then he asked me what I thought....I told him that under no circumstances could he resume logging until the ground dried and then he had to smooth out the 6' deep ruts (yes...six feet deep). I cannot repeat in this writing, the words he said nor can I express the anger that he displayed. I left and went home to resume unloading my furniture.

Next day was my official "first day" at work in the office. I reported to the Ranger and told him what I had faced. He seemed pleased with the outcome. But friends, what was ironic was the next Sunday, I went to church and walked into Sunday School...guess who my teacher was? You got it...the logger. He looked at me with his mouth open and could not say anything. I discreetly took a seat in the back of the classroom. We eventually became friends.

But this story is about an event that John Fowler and I shared. We had both been selected to attend a Civil Service training course in Fort Worth, Texas. The title of the course was "Memory Development" as I recall. Guess the Ranger thought we needed to remember names, places and dates and other facts. So we embarked on our journey in John's Cadillac. It was an uneventful trip on a Sunday and we arrived at our hotel in downtown Fort Worth later that evening.

Monday morning, we reported to the Federal Building across the street for our training. It was a 4-1/2 day course and was very intense. The instructor asked each student (30 of us) to tell our name, location and what we did for a living. When we finished, the instructor repeated back to us each of our names and other facts we had told. We were impressed to say the least. And so it went on until Wednesday night. Now folks, Fort Worth rolls up the streets at 5:00pm. There is nothing open so we had eaten every meal in the hotel. We were bored so John said, "Why don't we take a walk and find us a better place to eat", so we embarked on another journey. We found a modest café and had a good meal! When we left, darkness had descended upon the city and far in the distance, we could see the flow of lights...RED lights. John said, "Why don't we go see what's going on down there?" I was skeptical but agreed as I was bored also.

We walked about 5 blocks and encountered something my childish eyes had never seen before. There were flashing lights for as far as I could see down the street. The first marquee had signs stating, "All Nude Review". The barker invited us into the doorway..."No cover charge" he said. We walked on.

It was that way anywhere we looked. We had arrived....at what I didn't know. We walked and walked some more, watching the sights and sounds of the area. We saw one doorway ahead that seemed to be quite busy with folks standing in line to go inside. As we approached the building, we were made aware of a vehicle pulling up behind us...as we turned around, there was a big shiny white Cadillac convertible with top down, driven by a chauffeur wearing a white leisure suit, a big white hat and lots of gold chains. (Reminded me of Mr. T.) He was a big guy, obviously a bodyguard. In the back was a lady, wearing a tiger skin bikini...a very SMALL bikini. But the car, the chauffeur nor the lady was what caught our eye initially. For sitting in the back seat next to the lady was a 400-pound fully grown Bengal Tiger wearing a diamond-studded collar.

As the chauffeur opened the rear door, the tiger jumped out and the lady stepped out holding the leash of the tiger. She must have had some magic over that beast because no way could she hold him with that leash if he wanted to run. As they neared the doorway, people began moving aside to allow them entry. The lady then straddled the beast like a horse and rider and rode him in the door. The barker

at the doorway told everyone this was just a preview of things to come...come on in and see the show. I looked at John, he looked at me and we both said, "Let's get outta' here and go home".

We finally found our hotel, after several tries. When we got to our room, we both called our wives and told them of our evening events. You can be assured that we stayed in our hotel room the remainder of the time except to go to training class. We ate every meal after that in our hotel. As we traveled home Friday evening, silence prevailed in the car.

HURRICANE KATRINA, 2005 – MOST DESTRUCTIVE HURRICANE EVER IN U.S.

By Robert Kitzberg, SFSRA Member

Written for the National Museum of Forest Service History and published in their February 2010 Newsletter

U.S. Forest Service Assistance – Hurricane Katrina came ashore at 7:10 a.m. on August 29, 2005, and caused tremendous damage and loss of life in Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama and other Gulf Coast States. It is the costliest hurricane in U.S. history with economic damage estimated at \$81 billion which is triple the damage wrought by Hurricane Andrew in 1992. It is the fifth costliest in loss of lives with at least 1,836 people killed in the actual hurricane or the subsequent flooding. Katrina was quickly followed up by Hurricane Rita which also affected the Gulf Coast. The response by employees of the U.S. Forest Service and other wildland fire agencies to alleviate the human suffering was swift and tremendous. There were people from the fire agencies assisting FEMA for over 4 months in many tasks.

This response was the largest mobilization of wildland personnel to a non-fire disaster, even exceeding the February 1, 2003, Columbia Shuttle disaster response. Interagency Incident Management Teams (IMT), Area Command Teams, Logistics Modules, miscellaneous overhead, and hand crews assisted in the hurricane relief. The National Interagency Coordination Center estimates over 12,000 U.S. Forest Service regular employees, fire crews, and emergency hires (many of them U.S. Forest Service retirees) were dispatched to the hurricanes in 2005 with most of them in response to Katrina and Rita.

The Southern Area Red Team with George Custer as Incident Commander was assigned to support a field hospital at the Louis Armstrong New Orleans International Airport. The Red Team traveled from Baton Rouge (where they had been staged) early on the morning of Thursday September 1 to the New Orleans airport with caterer and shower units in tow. By 1900 food was served, showers were operational and for the first time in several days medical, airport, and other support personnel ate their first cooked meals and showered.

Upon arrival at the New Orleans Airport on September 1, the scene the Team encountered could best be described as surreal. Disaster Medical Assistance Teams (DMAT) had hundreds of patients scattered about the main terminal and ticketing area. Over 300 of these were confined to stretchers. Most were the elderly and infirm, but many had encountered injuries due to accidents related to the hurricane. Medical personnel were stretched to the breaking point, security was minimal and the evacuation of displaced Americans had begun. Evacuees were arriving by bus and helicopter, many appeared to come from nursing home environments. The well and able were being processed with the sick and all co-mingled with each other despite efforts of separation. On September 2nd the situation grew worse as the evacuation progressed at a speed that did not seem sustainable. Planes did arrive to start the airlift of evacuees to places unknown. Sick were transported on military medical C-130's and C-17's. While this certainly helped it did not gain any ground on the incoming numbers. Peak

activity occurred September 3rd thru September 4th. Over 10,000 evacuees were transported on planes leaving the airport on over 60 flights. Job Corps and other U.S. Forest Service "fire crews" helped load, unload, and move refugees in and around the field hospital. The Incident Management Team provided the operational supervision.

Three night shift division supervisors described their shift this way. "Not long after our shift began, the helicopters began landing in droves, with as many as eight aircraft on the deck at a given time; the northern sky was filled with the lights of inbound helicopters waiting in turn to land and offload their precious cargo. The airships resembled hornets returning to their nest at dusk. The thundering sounds made by the rotor wash made it impossible to communicate with each other.

After the aircraft landed, with the help of a strike team of 12 personnel from Oregon and Washington DMAT Teams, we formed a receiving perimeter from the safe zone to the door of the helicopter to safely remove the evacuees. When we first witnessed the cargo within, our eyes grew wider, our hearts larger, and our emotions difficult to contain.

Evacuees, some seriously sick, injured or dying, poured in by the hundreds. Many had IV's attached with the bags and tubing dripping on the helicopter floor. Many wore clothing stained by blood and other body fluids. Some were soaked from being rescued out of the flooding waters. Personal belongings flew through the air drawn by powerful engines and rotor blades of the helicopters.

People cried out for their loved ones who were not with them on their trip from their city, neighborhood or other point of rescue. It was clear to us that these people were afraid and had never been in a helicopter before this catastrophic event. They carried bags containing all that was left of their life possessions."

Another important contribution of the Red Team was in helping to coordinate the response of the different agencies involved at the airpost. As George Custer put it, "The IMT established meeting schedules and integrated all agencies and other entities with a presence at the airport. This was crucial for information exchange and development of the Incident Action Plan (IAP). An IAP was issued the second day after arrival with phone numbers, contact names, agency missions, feeding and showering schedules, and other pertinent information. Meetings were conducted to record issues of concern and find solutions to these and other problems. These meetings were also a source of input for gathering numbers of personnel onsite in order to know how many to feed and shower each shift. Personnel on site, especially DMAT units, thought that development of the IAP and meeting schedule had a calming effect in the mass chaos that ensued during the first 5-6 (8/30 thru 9/5) days of the incident."

Other teams had missions throughout the Gulf Coast States. Several teams operated centers to house displaced people. Some of the Teams supported the logistics needs of other responders. Very few agencies can set up a camp situation to serve all the needs of people as well and as fast as the wildland agencies. Wildland firefighters do it all fire season long and have gotten very good at doing so. National caterers were used, national shower units, supplies from fire caches and other methods were used as usually done on fires to provide for responder's needs.

One Team even assisted in caring for the remains of the deceased. Another Team managed the receiving and distribution of temporary house trailers to house hurricane victims. Another Incident Management Team had the assignment of planning for fire contingencies for the State of Mississippi. Other Teams assisted local governments with needed planning and operational recovery tasks that overwhelmed local jurisdictions.

Then there were the damages to the National Forests that had to be rectified. Huge amounts of trees were blown down on the National Forests in Mississippi. Forest Supervisor Tony Dixon formed an Incident Management Team. The Team organized local forest folks and called in detailers from other forests. They quickly opened roads, performed the sales preparation, awarded the sales, did the sales administration to salvage and get the forest back to normalcy. This provided some of the needed lumber to begin rebuilding the Gulf Coast and returned money to the counties and the U.S. Treasury.

Many of the responders reflected on how proud they were to be working for an organization that could do so much to assist those in need. As one crew boss put it, "I've always been proud to be an American – and a firefighter. I am now even prouder to be a Forest Service Employee because when the call came to help 'we' came running and stayed with the task until the last one was loaded up. This detail will be with me forever. I know that if I am ever in need, some American will be there for me."

Incident Commander George Custer says, "I can't read the accounts of our operation at the airport without tearing up and feeling so proud of what we did. I never had a more rewarding assignment."

Responding to hurricane disasters is just another example of the people of the U.S. Forest Service and other wildland agencies of stepping up to the plate with that can-do attitude and helping people in time of need. Hurricane responses show that Forest Service people, using the organizational and operational abilities that have been practiced by the wildland agencies for many decades (Large Fire Organization and now Incident Command System) can quickly make order out of chaos and accomplish great things for the people and the nation.

Bobby retired in 1994 from the USFS Southern Regional Office Timber Staff in Atlanta, Georgia. . He has been on 132 project incident assignments (mostly large wildfires) in 27 states, Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands and on numerous smaller fires. He served as Incident Commander of the Southern Area's Type 1 Incident Management Team from 1986 through 1991. He continues to serve on incident assignments and was on 6 fires in 2011. He lives in Andalusia, AL.

"A Dead Horse Kinda Day..."

by *Mike Dawson*, current Ranger, Kisatchie RD, KNF

For those of you who live in more temperate climes, it's hard to grasp the palpable experience that embraces the average citizen of Louisiana when the high temp for the day reaches only 73 degrees and you can no longer take a bite out of the humid air. It is almost like the anticipation that comes with the last day of school. And when that first glorious day of autumn happens to coincide with the opening day of hunting season. Then you have Christmas and Mardi Gras kinda rolled into one.

We all have our visions of the hereafter, most of them influenced by church doctrine of one kind or another. I am hoping that heaven will be much like those glorious days of October and November. And so it was on that most glorious day I was tooling down Interstate 49 from Alexandria to Natchitoches in me Mum's red Caddy, with her in tow and me beloved spouse. Me mom was discussing some event at an Elks convention in 1962, and me spouse was chatting on a cell phone. On the frequent occasion, we would throw in a required "uh-huh or really?" at the proper interval, aimed generally at the back seat.

We were having a most glorious day, a full morning of shopping at Sam's. And since we now enjoy the company of me 80-year-old mum, one grown chile, two grandchillren and four dawgs, you can only imagine the feeding bill. In fact, you can only imagine the atmosphere in me home.

The washer/dryer never stops, the trash runneth over and there is never a clean plate, saucer or spoon. We need either a cow or an 8" pipeline directly linked to the nearest diary. One has to wade thru a pack of dogs upon coming or going, and with the accompanying issues which come with a pack of dogs. I am reminded of the **Bumpas** hounds from the heartwarming movie, "A Christmas Story" which we view annually. Did I mention how much my neighbors hate me? Ah, but I digress.

I should have been ebullient, on a genuine high note, what with the exquisite weather taking in the LS&U football game with a scrappy Jawjah Bulldawg squad. However, and there is always a however, placed squarely in me pea brain was the unglorious thought of having to attend a wedding in the evening. Most guys I know would rather be waterboarded than be dragged to a wedding, even if it's your own. Besides I knew that I would not be able to see the rest of LS&U and Jawjah. And it was in that frame of mind I found meself when me cell phone rang. It was Kathy Leggett, a most glorious budget person and administrative assistant, and the real brains behind the Kisatchie Ranger District. "**There's a dead horse in the campground**", she said.

Hmmm. My semi-glorious day just took a dip. Well, even with the thoughts of impending wedding and missing the LS&U-Jawjah game, this was really looking like a bummer. Here's how our conversation went:

Me: "Kathy, you're not coming in real clear (lie). Sounds like you said that there was aa red force on the damp ground.

" **Her:** "You heard me. There's a dead horse in the campground. Mr. Bruce said that you would take care of it. And I gotta go."

There is always a moment of indecisiveness when these kinds of thing happen, although by now I should be very accustomed to them. Many of you former Rangers know exactly what I am talking about. Somehow, trouble just seems to follow you around, and you have those days when you break some rule or regulation just walking across the parking lot. What to do? What can I get away with? What is reasonable? Is this offense, which I am about to commit, a three-day or a two-week suspension? Alternatives are now being put on fast-forward in my pea brain.

There is a non-fiction book out entitled "**101 Things to do w/a Dead Cat.**" But I sensed quickly enough that some of the same concepts in said reference book just would not fit a two-ton horse, or former horse, as it were. (My apologies to cat lovers. Citing a reference is not necessarily a recommendation.)

Since the rideout by the horse club was permitted, I began to wonder whether or not there was a provision which required the removal of dead animals – large equine types. And then, is there some kind of State regulation about transporting large deceased horses on the public highways, a permit or placard or something? What if the deceased horse falls off into the pathway of another vehicle? And so with a heavy heart, and sour stomach, I rang up Mr. Bruce, the owner of the horse now lying in our campground, which I suspect by now was emptied out of the other visitors. I can only imagine that a deceased equine lying inertly about kinda puts the damper on any more fun for the day.

With sobs and weeping in the background, and with great emotion did Mr. Bruce describe the scene in the campground. We commiserated about the deceased pets and agreed that all good dogs go to haven, and the jury was still out on horses. The entire episode only took maybe two hours of back and forth, but it seemed much longer. And when I left – nay – was dragged from the car, LS&U was driving, but could not put any points on the board. I had not the foresight to tape the remainder of the game. Besides, Mum was all engrossed in the World Serious of Texas Hold 'em poker.

The wedding was brief, hallelujah! There is a lot to be said for Baptist weddings, and most all their services. They are short, simple affairs. Three points and a poem. The best man dropped the ring, and the flower girl was cute and everybody laughed at the right times. All in all, a textbook affair. About the only criticism I can muster is that the preacher should have announced the last minute rally by LS&U to whip the Jawjah 'dawgs, but that would have been asking way too much, even of the Baptists.

A footnote: For those of you who know me, you know I am a non-drinker. The reception was held at a local events center, and very well done. Shrimps and meat pies and fish and all the trimmings. There was even a white chocolate fountain. Just could not figure out how to get a cup under it, without exposing myself for the rube I am. Anyhow, after the day I had, I thought long and hard about knocking back one of them little narrow, flimsy-lookin' glasses of champagne. And who coulda' blamed me?

A second footnote: Many of you dear readers are wondering and questioning the obvious: What the heck did you actually do with the deceased equine? Ah, I will have to save that for another editorial. After all, I am still gainfully employed and I have a redheaded wife, a pack of dawgs, grandchillren and an 80-year-old mother to feed.

New Indicator for Stroke – The Tongue

STROKE: Remember the 1st three letters – **S. T. R.**

During a BBQ, a woman stumbled and took a little fall - she assured everyone that she was fine...they offered to call paramedics...she said she had just tripped. She appeared a bit shaken up, but went about enjoying herself the rest of the evening. Later that evening, her husband called telling everyone that his wife had been taken to the hospital and had passed away. She had suffered a **stroke** at the BBQ. Had they known how to identify the signs of a stroke, perhaps she would be with us today. Some don't die. They end up in a helpless, hopeless condition instead.

A neurologist says that if he can get to a stroke victim within 3 hours he can totally reverse the effects of a stroke...**totally**. He said the trick was getting a stroke recognized, diagnosed, and then getting the patient medically cared for within 3 hours, which is tough.

RECOGNIZING A STROKE – Thank God for the sense to remember the '3' steps, **S T R**. Read and

Learn!

Sometimes symptoms of a stroke are difficult to identify. Unfortunately, the lack of awareness spells disaster. The stroke victim may suffer severe brain damage when people nearby fail to recognize the symptoms of a stroke. Now doctors say a bystander can recognize a stroke by asking three simple questions:

S – Ask the individual to SMILE. **T** – Ask the person to **TALK** and Speak a simple sentence (coherently, i.e. It is sunny out today.) **R** – Ask him/her to raise both arms. If he or she has trouble with ANY ONE of these tasks, call 911 **immediately** and describe the symptoms to the dispatcher.

New Sign of a Stroke — **Stick out Your Tongue** – if it is “crooked” – goes to one side or the other that is also an indication of a stroke.

Remember time is of the essence in responding to a stroke.

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